

# THE WASHINGTON TIMES.

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### RACE IMPROVEMENT.

President Jordan of Leland Stanford University has been making something of a study of the principles of selection, applied to the development of a nation. Some of his theories are so natural and so obvious that it seems strange that they are not already familiar to the public, but it often happens that the sociologist makes arguments that the average human being ought to have made for himself long ago.

The ideas of President Jordan on the subject of race improvement are worth considering because of their relation to the development of this country. Some people have been afraid that the American people would degenerate if they cut loose from the military ideals which have more or less dominated all strong peoples. This writer points out, however, the very plain fact that a country given to constant fighting loses a large proportion of its best men, physically speaking, and thus gradually degenerates, because only the unworthy and unfit are left to reproduce their kind. He attributes the present physical degeneracy of the French people to the wars of the early part of the nineteenth century, following the French Revolution. The latter took the flower of the aristocracy; the former the strongest and best of the common people.

It follows, therefore, that the people which has the best chance of physical perfection is that inhabiting a country where the conditions encourage physical strength and activity without undue danger to life; where the able-bodied men live and reproduce their kind, and are not killed off in war. Such a country is, at present, the United States. England's colonies have furnished similar opportunities to her people. And that is the good, sound reason for the much-boasted superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race.

### CHINA'S BIG POLICEMAN

The participation of the United States in the settlement of affairs in China during the Boxer rebellion appears to have entailed upon it consequences for which it probably made no allowance when it entered on that task. Ever since then the honorable but rather irksome duty has devolved upon this Government to play the big policeman in behalf of the Chinese against the attempts of the other powers to exact from the Celestials a great deal more than was contemplated in the settlements following the cessation of hostilities. In this undertaking the United States has been fairly well seconded by Great Britain and, at times, by Russia, but Germany, France, and other European governments seem to be intent to play a grab game which is not at all creditable to them.

The latest development in this respect shows that the provisional government, established while the Emperor of China and his court were absent from the capital of the empire, granted concessions to certain foreign capitalists, principally Germans, which were to run sixty years. Since the return of the court to Peking and the establishment of normal conditions the governments of the concessionaires have insisted upon the validity of these concessions the exploitation of which would, of course, enrich them, but put no money into the treasury of the empire, badly as this stands in need of repletion.

Against this grab game the United States has entered its protest and the evacuation of Tientsin, which was to be conditioned upon the confirmation of the aforesaid grants, will probably be made to take place without further spoliation of the Chinese strong box.

### KEATS.

By LINDSLEY FLAVEL MINES.

They dashed cold water on thy glowing youth,  
And keen heart-anguish did thy bosom feel;  
But later years have taught the wondrous truth—  
It tempered all thy verse to finest steel.

### CURRENT PRESS COMMENT.

#### "Demolition Moist" Might Suit.

Chicago Tribune—"Humidity," however, seems a pitifully feeble and inadequate term to describe the prevailing condition of the atmosphere.

#### Needed in Other Places.

Milwaukee Sentinel—The Northwestern Elevated Railway Company has devised a car attachment called the "fool catcher." It is to be hoped that it is not so perfectly protected by patents that it cannot be operated outside of Illinois.

#### Sartorial Criticism From Quakerville.

Philadelphia Inquirer—The manner in which some of the fair sex nowadays wrap their skirts about them while walking in the streets has a tendency to strengthen the pessimistic theory that modesty is becoming a lost art.

#### Charge It to Pelee.

Chicago Chronicle—And now we learn that Mont Pelee has deflected the gulf stream from its proper route. This leaves Edward's perilyphitis as the only misfortune of the last three months for which that malignant volcano is not responsible.

#### When Money Talks.

Providence Journal—Senator Wetmore has not cut much of a figure in Congress, but wait till the fall campaign comes on. Then he can draw a check that will prove what he is there for.

#### Progress Among the Brown Men.

Atlanta Journal—We will be prepared to believe after a while that the Philippines are really becoming Americanized. Trades unions are being organized over there.

#### Would Be Just Like Him.

Boston Herald—Unless the airship promulgators hurry up and get their lines of travel established, they may wake up some fine morning and find that Mr. Morgan has secured an option on all of the available air.

#### How to Keep Cool in Texas.

Galveston News—Texas is at present cool and calm. This being the case it is probable that the Democratic convention will "allude to" the Kansas platform and let it go at that. Otherwise there might be a row. Such allusion cannot offend the gold bug and will be a solace to the silver Democrat.

#### Some Use for Missions.

Buffalo Express—If any proof were needed of the success of foreign missions, it is furnished in the statement that some Alaska Indians believe they have discovered Noah's ark. But for the missionaries they would never have known there was such a craft.

#### Rather Too Soon.

Boston Journal—Those English periodicals that have published special coronation editions, with pictures of the crowning and with criticisms of the assemblage, and of the celebrations in London, hustled not wisely but too well.

#### The Eagle's Loudest Scream.

Cincinnati Commercial Tribune—And there's nothing in his work to which Uncle Sam cannot "point with pride" today, and nothing that he need "view with alarm." Neither is there anything to molest him nor make him afraid, for he is big and husky, and sincere, and true, and he doesn't scare worth a cent, anyway.

## THE PERSONAL NOTE

There is a subtle but strong tendency in American life at present toward what may be called the striking of the personal note. This tendency has always existed, of course, in certain forms, but the time has now come when it should be recognized, and its nature defined. It may be roughly described as a disposition to mix business with social qualifications. Sooner or later we shall have to choose one of two ways of doing business; that of selecting the workman for his ability to do the work, and that of choosing or refusing him according to his possession of social qualifications. In all lines of business this choice must be made; but in some it is more important than in others.

Naturally, in such a business as selling goods on the road, or any form of what is called promoting, the personality of the worker must be a consideration. He must make a good impression; there are no two ways about it. But these lines of work are only a very small part of the business of the world.

The natural result of the conditions under which this country has developed is that great importance is attached to personality, to attractive manners, to social connections, apart from ability to do good work; but the time has come when we must recognize the fact that in many lines of industry better results can be gained by considering simply and solely the capacity for work. It is too much the custom, for example, to expect the teacher and the clergyman to make themselves personally agreeable to every person on whom their salaries depend. This is unreasonable. The teacher who does his work thoroughly has no time for extraneous nonsense. The man who is to preach such sermons as the world at present needs ought not to waste his vitality trying to conciliate, for business reasons, the wealthy members of his congregation. If we can get rid, to a certain extent, of this mischievous requirement of personal popularity in the worker, we shall stand a better chance of getting honest work.

## COLUMBIA.

By DE WITT C. SPRAGUE.

Ye who wander free from care,  
Seeing goodness everywhere,  
Of a serpent's fang beware—  
Cruel, deadly, keen.  
In the covert dark he lies,  
Hidden quite from human eyes,  
Or assumes a harmless guise,  
Or a friendly mien.

When our hearts with rapture bound,  
And our ardent hope seems crowned  
By the love and friendship found  
Larks that reptile near.  
From beneath a kindly screen,  
Envious grow his eyes of green,  
As he views the happy scene  
With a hateful leer.

Watching till the victim sleeps,  
Softly near the serpent creeps—  
Strikes! the fiery venom leaps—  
Deadly through each vein.  
Writhing lies the stricken low,  
Stung to madness by the blow.  
None his agony can know,  
None relieve his pain.

Ministers that dwell above,  
Where is naught save peace and love,  
Can ye not to pity move  
Hearts to envy given?  
Is their mission to destroy  
Happiness, with hate employ  
Slander's fang to murder joy?  
O forbid it, Heaven!

## GOOD NATURE A REQUISITE FOR HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE

By HARRIET P. SPOFFORD.

If it were necessary to give an opinion as to what is the first and chief constituent of a happy marriage one might hesitate for a moment over the thought of many almost indispensable virtues, and daily over that of absolute trustfulness on both sides, but one, if thinking and weighing deliberately, would decide presently that the real requisite for happiness in marriage is good nature. Not that a temper once in a great while may not be worth while to clear the air and to show how good the other is, but in the long, round year the sunshine and fair weather is the best.

What will you not pardon to a sunny-faced rogue? A man may commit countless peccadilloes, a thousand offenses against good taste, even be guilty of sins, but an unflinching sweetness of disposition will win forgiveness for them all. A woman may be extravagant, a poor housekeeper, even slatternly, or a provoker of scandal, but there is no disruption in the household of which she is mistress as long as with a smile she acknowledges her fault, though her sin is ever before us. A pair of dimples has saved many a little scamp from a whipping; they are just as useful when the scamp is older and the dimples are slipping into wrinkles. For the dimple is not only evidence of the smile itself, but it stimulates the smiles of others.

Who can rebuke too sharply or too frequently when reproach is always received without retort, without affront? Who is not made to feel upon the spot that good nature is better than any impeccability?

We have, most of us, seen exquisite housekeepers who all but follow the intruder about with a broom, who are ready to dust the chair you rise from, require overcoats to be left outside the door, who, if you take a look from one room and lay it down, carry it back before your eyes, who make more circumstance of broken china than of broken bones. And most of us prefer for a companion the home-body, who makes no fuss about anything, but who is tender and caressing and gay and consoling and sympathetic and always sweet-tempered, although there be dust on her floors, and nicks on her dishes, and no meal ready at its appointed hour.

And most of us, again, rather than with the petulant and fault-finding man, or with the stern and sour and solemn incarnation of all the virtues, or with the lofty and superior soul, without whose wisdom and learning the world could not revolve, would choose companionship with the off-hand, happy-go-lucky fellow who, if the dinner is late says, "Never mind; it will be all the better when it does come," or if we ourselves are late at church or theater or outing, says: "Well, we will enjoy it all the more when we get there," or if the servants are rebellious, condones it by declaring: "We can't expect perfection for the price we pay." And this man may have his little faults, he may not be at home as much as you would like, he may be too careful about the spending of his money, he may have various habits unpleasant to you; but you love him quite aside from them; you regard them as exterior affairs for which he is hardly responsible; you find some one else to be blamed for them, he himself is the sunny creature who brightens gloom wherever he goes, and of whose love you feel assured, whether in truth it is yours or not. And after all, the assurance of love produces happiness.

In fact, good nature is a charm that never dies. Beauty fades, accomplishments fall, but good nature survives till all else falls to dust. It blends the opposing and contradictory elements like a fortunate solvent. It acts precisely as sunshine does, and where you find it happiness flourishes and life is enriched. In any individual it declares the existence of a calm and strong nervous temperament, and nothing lends itself more to peace and prosperity in a household than that. It is a blessed thing, then, that such a trait can be established, that repression here and expression there and determination everywhere will make it grow and thrive and become a habit. It is the outer embodiment of love; and the man who is selfish without it is the one to whom the town turns, on whom the beggars smile, after whom the children run, whose presence soothes trouble, and whose wife is sure that even if she wears her old bonnet she is lovely in his eyes.—Boston Journal.

## IS BORROWING OR SAVING GREATER EVIDENCE OF THRIFT?

By WILLIAM SIMPSON, New York Pawnbroker.

The majority of people fail to get a true and full idea of the meaning of the word "thrift." They know but one-half of the definition. Turn to Webster and read it as there given:

"A thriving state; good husbandry." And for a second definition: "Success and advance in the acquisition of property; increase of worldly goods, gain, prosperity." And for a third: "Vigorous growth."

Money is a medium of exchange in financial transactions. To get money is the pursuit in which the entire business world is engaged. Money in itself is valueless. It is its use—its power as a medium of exchange—that makes it of value.

Now, if this is so, it stands to reason that the man who has the use of the most money is the one with the most power. Mr. Smith may own acres of land; but if he cannot realize on his property—if he cannot raise money on it—it is of no use to him whatever. And how many men there are who are known to all of us who have died "land poor."

Real estate is productive if it has a borrowing value; and you will find the majority of good real estate mort-

gaged—that is, it is producing money. To borrow one must have credit, which may be bought or borrowed for the occasion. To buy or borrow credit, one must have an equivalent asset. One may have had no needs yesterday, but may be in dire want today. And the use of money may mean either personal pecuniary relief or pecuniary gain. The use of a thousand dollars may save a man from bankruptcy or a city from starvation; or with one thousand dollars in hand a transaction may be made netting the holder several thousands. It is the use of the money that counts.

This, then, is the meaning of the borrowing of money: The acquisition of a medium of exchange. No one can imagine the potentialities of the use of this medium at a certain time. The great financiers of the world have been borrowers. Not only individual estates, but cities and principalities have been built on borrowed money. I had almost said the cornerstone of statercraft is the power of acquiring the use of money or power.

For centuries pawnshops, the people's borrowing banks, have been in operation. They give the poor the

opportunity (and the only opportunity) of immediate realization of this medium. Upon their personal efforts they can obtain money for a rainy day, or in case of sickness or death.

Here we loan large sums to large financial people. For a turn in the stock market, for an immediate need for this use of money, for only overnight oftentimes, thousands are loaned out, and many a man has saved his fortune or made another by the use of our surplus.

I know whereof I speak. This is the oldest loan office in America. I have been in the business all my life. My father and my father's uncle (no pun intended) were in it before me. For eighty years we have loaned money to people who have used that money for their profit and for their needs, and I know of no better evidence of "thrift" among these people than the fact of their making these loans, for by so doing they have bought bread for themselves and for their little ones, they have saved their homes and made new ones, they have fulfilled the meaning of the word, they have been enabled to "succeed," to "advance in the acquisition of worldly goods," to "gain prosperity," to make a "vigorous growth."

## NOTED EX-BASEBALL PLAYER

### A FAMOUS EVANGELIST

Billy Sunday, who used to play right field with Captain Anson's White Stockings, "counted up" the other day, and found that his soul saving operations throughout the Middle West during the past year had netted him somewhere in the neighborhood of \$12,000, says the "Brooklyn Eagle." Mr. Sunday is not mercenary and he thinks more of converts than he does of money, but he mentioned his profits to an interviewer simply because he had been asked if it hadn't been something in the nature of a sacrifice to shift from the high salary of a professional baseball player to the supposed uncertain income of an itinerant evangelist.

"God has been right good to us," is the way Mr. Sunday puts it. "He gave us \$1,500 for a month's work in Belvidere, Ill.; \$1,200 for the same length of time in Farmington, and even in frosty Wheaton, where they are mostly Chicago millionaires, we drew \$800 in thirty days."

Since success even of an evangelist sort is measured in a way by the amount of one's income, the ball player revivalist and his friends figure that he is the top notcher among evangelists. Certainly no one since Mr. Moody's death has saved so many of the perishing or made so much money while doing it. Out in Iowa where Mr. Sunday has converted more than 10,000 persons during his ministry, people assert that he is destined to be a greater revivalist than Mr. Moody. He has enough "calls" now from Western towns which think they need chastening to occupy all of his time for the next eighteen months.

These things have a tendency to make Mr. Sunday rather more than satisfied with the fate that tempted him away from the diamond and a \$3,000 salary about ten years ago. He thinks the luckiest thing that ever happened him was when an Iowa rustic, he wandered into a mission in Chicago and was persuaded by the words of a revivalist and the music of a wheezy reed organ "to be born again." On that night, twenty years ago, Mr. Sunday decided he would become a preacher. The idea stuck in his brain through all his brilliant career as a ball player until he found the opportunity to abandon professional athletics and enter the Young Men's Christian Association as an assistant secretary at \$500 a year. He had educated himself at Northwestern University while he was playing ball, so he was fairly well equipped to take up the work of exhortation and advice.

Mr. Sunday's revival methods are all his own. He "throws out the life line" in a fashion distinctly unique. No shouting and jumping, no frenzy and no hysterics among the converts at his meetings. He talks to his congregations in a sane and reasonable fashion. When he has them convinced that they are a pretty bad lot he asks them to come to the front. There are no mourners' benches. Instead there are chairs upon which he invites the penitents to sit while he circulates among them and talks to them calmly. He takes the name of each subject and turns him over to the pastor of the denomination for which he expresses a preference, and refuses to be longer responsible for him. Mr. Sunday himself is affiliated with no denomination.

His plan is to stay a month in each place. For the first two weeks he does not "give the invitation." He tells the people funny stories and amuses them with certain bizarre methods of preaching. The third week he devotes to an exposition of sin as he has found it among the people with whom he is laboring. During the fourth week he shows the sinner the way to repentance.

He is a lithe, well built, swarthy chap, forty years old, and with the look of a man much younger. In the pulpit he wears business clothing, well tailored and with some pretension to prevailing styles. If he gets warm he removes his coat—not because he is warm, necessarily, but because it makes him different from other preachers. That is his principal aim—to be different. In Wheaton the other night he made a running leap from the pulpit, landed in the aisle and sprinted around the church, preaching all the while.

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### The Right of Privacy.

A test case recently came up in which the courts were called on to decide whether the right of privacy was violated by the unauthorized use of a young girl's picture in an advertisement. The girl in question was unusually pretty, and claimed that her picture had been used as a cigarette advertisement without her consent, a proceeding which was strongly distasteful to her. The courts decided, however, that she had no redress except by the somewhat roundabout road of a libel suit.

This is a case in which the law seems to be all wrong. The right of privacy is a peculiar sort of a thing, anyway. Many people are ready to complain that it is violated when anything in their private life is made public. Obviously it would be an endless job to redress all grievances of this sort. But it would seem that there ought to be some law to protect a girl from the practical insult of having her picture published as a cigarette advertisement when she did not wish for such publicity. There are women enough who would be glad of it without invading the sanctities of private life.

The case is in some ways different from any other which would be likely to come up. The unauthorized publication of a man's picture does not injure him, even if it is published in a cartoon. But even the most unscrupulous comic artists recognize the fact that to cartoon a woman is a different matter, and as a matter of fact it has never been done offensively except in France, where caricatures of Queen Victoria aroused the indignation of all decent-minded people some years ago.

When a girl's picture is published in connection with cigarettes, the inference drawn is that she consented to such publicity, and even courted it, and this involves a supposition not exactly "nice," as the girl herself might say. Hence she may justly, perhaps, bring suit for libel.

### The Dreamer in the City.

As down the busy street I pass,  
Aviding trucks and drays,  
In fancy I can hear sweet songs  
I heard in other days:  
I smell the apple blossoms and  
I take a sudden jump  
As some one rings a fearful gong.  
And yells: "Look out, you chump!"

In tender fancy I once more  
Look in a maiden's eyes;  
I see the blushes on her cheeks  
And hear her happy sighs;  
I see the lane in which we stood,  
I breathe the fragrant air  
And leap a yard as some one haws:  
"You fool, step lively there!"

Ah, glad old days of long ago!  
Once more I seem to hear  
The school bell ring across the fields,  
In mellow tones and clear;  
I see the path that winds away  
Down to the swimming pool,  
And some one grabs me, yelling "Can't  
You see the car, you fool!"

The creek is flowing on out there,  
And there the town boys still  
Go wading where the bend is, still  
The bottom of the hill;  
And I in fancy hear them shout,  
As here I fare along:  
In luck to dream and not be killed  
By something with a gong.  
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

### Suavity of the Gaul.

M. Leschenault du Villars, one of the cashiers of the Bank of France, who absconded with a million francs, has been arrested. A considerable sum was found upon the prisoner, who endeavored to pull out a revolver, saying to the police agents, "I have no intention of killing you, but I love me to commit suicide."—London Graphic.

### Told of the Sultan.

An amusing story is told of the Sultan of Turkey, says the "Paris Messenger." It seems that his majesty had paid very particular attention to a young Corsican lady, who did not respond to his advances. Asked the reason for her coldness, she replied that she disliked bearded men. The Sultan bit his lip and said no more. Some time afterward the lady married one of the Sultan's "memoirs." On the following day the Sultan issued an edict that all "memoirs" were to grow beards. Shortly afterward the lady, being in the presence of the Sultan, thanked him for the edict. "Thanks to your majesty's edict," she said, "I have become quite reconciled to a beard; the more so as it suits my husband admirably."